In Recital

Tanis Taylor, soprano

assisted by

Rachel Stefan, piano

Saturday, March 8, 2003 at 8:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

From *St. Matthews Passion* (c.1727) — John Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
Ich will dir meine Hertze
From the *Magnificat in D Major* (c. 1723)
Quia respexit

All mein Gedanken (1887) — Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Zueignung (1885)
Wie sollten wir geheim (1885)

Fleur jetée (1884) — Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Chanson d'amour (1882)
Notre amour (1879)

Intermission

Three Shakespeare Songs (1905) — Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Come Away Death
O Mistress Mine
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

From *I puritani* (1834) — Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Son vergin vezzosa

From *Rigoletto* — Guiseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Caro nome (1851)

From *Die Zauberflöte* (1791) — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Der Hölle Rache

Ich will dir meine Hertze/Jesus Savior I am thine
Recit: Although our eyes with tears o'er flow, Since Jesus now must from us go, His gracious promise doth the soul uplift. His flesh and Blood, o precious gift! He leaves us for our soul's refreshment, as He while in the world did love His own, so now, with love unchanging, He loves them unto the end.

Aria: Jesus Savior, I am thine, come and dwell my heart within, all things else I count but loss, Glory only in Thy cross. Dearer than the world beside is the saviour who hath died.

Quia respexit/He who Looketh
He looketh on his servant in her lowliness; Henceforth will call me blessed

All mein Gedanken/All My Thoughts
All my thoughts, my heart and my mind wander to where my loved on is. They speed on their way through wall and gate, delayed by no bolt and no moat; They speed like birds high up in the sky, needing no bridge over stream or ravine. They find the town and they find the house, pick you from all the others her window, knocking and calling: Open up, let us in, from your lover we come to greet you right well, open up, open up, let us in.

Zueignung/Dedication
Yes you know it, dear soul, that I torment myself from afar, love makes hearts sick, my thanks to you! Once I toasted freedom, holding high the amethyst goblet, And you blessed the drink, my thanks to you! And in it you exorcized the evil spirits until I, cleansed, sank on your heart, my thanks to you!

Wie sollten wir geheim/How could we have kept this secret
How could we have kept secret the bliss that fills us? No, let our hearts be revealed to all, down to their deepest recesses. When two have found each other in love, rejoicing permeates nature, and daylight falls on wood and field in longer blissful hours. Even from decaying trunk of the oak that has survived for a thousand years. A green flame rises anew on its top, rustling and trembling with the ardour of youth. At the couple's happiness, buds burst to heightened splendour and fragrance, streams babble more sweetly, and May blooms and sparkles more richly.

Fleur jet`ee/Discarded Flower
Carry away my folly at the will of the wind, flower gathered while singing and thrown away while dreaming, love perishes like the cut flower. The hand that touched you flees from my hand forever. Let the wind that dries you, oh poor flower, recently so fresh and tomorrow without color; let the wind that dries you, o poor flower, dry my heart.

Chanson d'amour/Love Song
I love your eyes, I love your face, o my rebellious one, o my fierce one. I love your eyes, I love your mouth where my kisses will exhaust themselves. I love your voice, I love the strange grace of all that you say, o my rebellious one, o my dear angel, my hell and my paradise! I love all that makes you beautiful, from your feet to your hair, o you toward whom my vows ascend, o my fierce one, o my rebellious one.

Notre Amour/Our Love
Our love is a light thing like the perfumes that the wind takes to the top of the fern so one may breathe them in dreaming. Our love is a light thing. Our love is a charming thing, like the songs of morning where no regret laments, where vibrates an uncertain hope. Our love is a charming thing. Our love is a sacred thing like the mystery of the woods where an unknown soul shudders, where silence has a voice. Our love is a sacred thing. Our love is an infinite thing, like the setting sun's path where the sea, united with the sky, goes to sleep under the inclined sun. Our love is an infinite thing. Our love is an eternal thing like everything which a victorious God has touched with the fire of his wing. Like everything which comes from the heart, our love is an eternal thing.

Son vergin vezzosa
I am a pretty maiden dressed for her wedding: I am as white and as modest as an April lily. My hair smells sweet, encircled by your roses, my bosom is graced by your necklace. Tell me if you really love me. I should like to shine as brightly as the morning star; help me arrange the soft curls of my hair. So that I can see the effect do not be too proud to try the new veil on your noble head, do not be too proud, on your noble head. Yes, yes, yes. O beautiful lady, I hide the curls of your hair just as I would like to hide beneath the pretty veil. Ah, later, my true love, you will place the veil on my head.

Caro nome/Dear Name

Dear name which first made my heart beat. You must always remind me of the delights of love! With my thoughts my desire will always fly to you. And until my dying breath, dear name, it shall be yours. With my thoughts my desire. My desire will always fly to you. Until my dying breath, it shall be yours, dear name, it shall be yours.

Der Hölle Rache/The Wrath of Hell

The wrath of Hell within my breast I cherish, death, desperation prompt the oath I swore. If by your hand, Sarastro does not perish then as my child I shall know you never more. Abandoned be forever, forsaken be forever and shattered be forever, all the force of nature's tie. Abandoned, and shattered, and forsaken, all the force of nature's tie if not through you Sarastro's life be taken. Hark, hark hark, gods of vengence, hear a mother's cry.